THRUMS LOVES NOT ITS FAME.

NO HONOR FOR J. M. BARRIE IN HIS OWN KIRRIEMUIR.

He Wrote: "Havers and Nonsense" in the Villagers' Eyes—The Place and Its People Are Just as He Described Them and It Is a Satisfying Spot to Visit.

It is said that J. M. Barrie's new story has naught to do with Thrums. If that be true it will recommend the tale to at least one community—Thrums itself.

Never was there a people so loath to be famous, or at any rate, so dissatisfied with the particular fame they have achieved. "Had thrust upon them" would be a more accurate description of the way the Thrums "fowk" feel about it. They resent Barrie's pictures of them and of their village. They would resent Barrie himself if they did not feel that, in a way, he is too trivial to be resented. A man who has seemed unable to find anything to write except just "havers and nonsense" about the commonest of everyday people and happenings! Bless you, he's too poor a body to be resented.

Just by way of example, take the attitude of the old man who is janitor of the Thrums hall, the place where the infrequent entertainments of the village are held.

"Do I ken Jeems Barrie?" said this old man in response to a visitor's question. "Oh, ay! I ken 'im as I kennt his father an' mither afore 'im."

"Have you read his books?"

"Oh, ay!"

There was a reservation in the tone which piqued the visitor's curiosity.

"Don't you like them?"

"I'm nae thinkin' muckle aboot them. Hey! I know mony a story that my gran'mither told me that'd be better than ony o' Jeems Barrie's."

That's the way it is with all the Thrums people. Never was there a prophet more without honor in his own country than this son of the red soil of Kirriemuir.

That's the name you must learn to pronounce if you want to go to Thrums. It's just possible that, if you should go into the railway station at Edinburgh and ask for a ticket to Thrums, lightning or an inspiration might strike the agent and you would get what you want. But one can seldom count on lightning and, in Great Britain at least, it is rank folly to expect an inspiration to hit a native. So it will be safer to learn to say Kirriemuir, a not unpleasant task.

It costs six shillings ($1.50) to go from Edinburgh to Thrums, travelling third class, and you do it by way of Perth. When you have reached your Mecca you will find a comfortable hotel, as hotels go in that land of tea and tin baths. The Airlie Arms is a typical British inn, with the comforts and the discomforts of its class, both of which can be enjoyed for a week for about $10 a person. Incidentally, one can get the best mutton ever cooked; sheep from those flocks which "my father" kept on the Grampian Hills hard by.

It is really surprising that more literary pilgrims do not go to Thrums. It is the most satisfying literary shrine the writer has ever visited. In other places one finds mementoes of an author. "This is the pen Mr. Scribbler used when he was composing his immortal book, 'The Strange Tale of So-and-So,'" says the showman and one gives up sixpence or a shilling or a quarter, for the privilege of handling a doubtful old quill or a still more doubtful steel point.

It is different at Thrums. One doesn't see there the pen which portrayed "Sentimental Tommy." No; one sees Tommy himself. At least any one with a grain of imagination sees him. For all the material parts of the history of that extraordinary small boy and strange young man are there to the most insignificant detail. Tommy and some of the others are lacking in the flesh, but with the setting so real one feels that one has only to look over one's shoulder to find the characters as actual.

It would be almost foolish to attempt to describe Kirriemuir to people who have read Barrie. They know all about it. They can pick up "Sentimental Tommy" and from its pages compile a guide-book to Kirriemuir without ever crossing the ocean or the border.

The very stones of Kirrie, as it is called at home, are old friends to the man who knows his Barrie. The stones of the Cuttle Well, the coffin-shaped stone which spanned the ditch back of the Painted Lady's house, the path between two earthen walls from which Doubledykes took his nickname—they are all there quite as they should be.

There are "the beauty stairs," down which, figuratively speaking, the preconceived ideas of Tommy and of Elspeth took such a sad tumble. They are outside stairs of stone, reaching from the ground to the second story and having a skeleton-like balustrade of iron rods. Poor Tommy! he had expected so much of the beauty stairs and even his soaring imagination drooped dismally before the reality. And yet they are not unpicturesque. Linked with their present associations they are even decidedly interesting.

There is another Thrums character who will be sure to come to your mind if you're stopping at the Airlie Arms. You remember Gavin Birse, who speired Mag Lownie to "let him off" from marrying her, he having decided that he preferred Jean Luke. Mag, you remember, declined to let him off, though urged to "think it over."

"Ye would sune get anither mon," Gavin assured her.

"How do I ken that?" she demanded; and, as Tammas Haggart says, rale sensibly, "for men's no sae easy to get."

"Am sure o't," Gavin says, "for ye're bonny to look at an' weel kennt for bein' a guid body."

"Ay," says Mag, "I'm glad ye like me, Gavin, for ye have to tak me."

This Gavin, according to Barrie, drove the Glen Quharity post, and if you stay at the Airlie Arms you may see that same post leave the inner court every morning and return every afternoon. Only, in real life, the name of its destination is Glen Clova.

If it isn't too late in the season you'd better go to Glen Clova with that same post. In Scotland the season gets pretty well worn by the time September comes on, and is likely to break at almost any moment. It was the latter part of September when the writer was in Thrums, and he was told then that the season had broken. It seemed to him to have gone all to pieces. Every day it rained some, and some days it rained more.

But one learns not to mind that. It is hard to be harsh with anything so tearful as Scotch skies are. The natives seemed to have learned that. In Kirrie, for instance they have such a mild way of speaking of the weather. When there is a moderate rain they say it is "misting." When it is a hard rain the weather is "a bit heavy." And when it pours like a cataract, the weather has "broken."

One day we started out in a gentle rain and the landlord cheerfully remarked: "It's a soft day, gentlemen."

"Yes," replied the grumblers, "so soft that it runs."

He gave us the puzzled look to which one becomes accustomed over there and went back to the bar for a recuperative whiskey and nothing. The ordinary folk in Scotland do not "diddle around" with any such foolish accessories as soda.

There was a time, for instance, when we rode to Glen Clova ourselves. We went with the post and for fellow passengers had five characters from an unpublished story by Barrie. When you go with the post you ride in a wagonette: three on one seat facing three on the opp site seat and the driver snug and close across the front.

Now it would be easier to keep your right hand from knowing what your left hand is up to than it would be to try to draw a veil of secrecy over one's actions in a wagonette. Our fellow passengers appreciated this fact and though at first they were somewhat embarrassed by the presence of two strangers who spoke in something like "the English manner," they soon thawed to the point where they didn't care.

It would be more exact to say that they froze to that point. When it comes to furnishing a chill which will sneak down the back of your neck and take hold of the very marrow of your bones the climate of Scotland is without a rival. The very temperance lecturers over there have to take "a bit nip" or their teeth would chatter so they couldn't talk. It's a choice between evils of course. There's the evil of drinking anything; if it's a question of drinking certain Scotch whiskeys it becomes a bigger evil. But as an "alternative," joining the ice trust by supinely allowing oneself to freeze solid generally seems to be still more of an evil.

All Scotland appears to have reasoned out the problem and arrived at this conclusion. The five Barrie characters who rode with us to Glen Clova certainly had settled it that way. After an hour on the road, pockets began to give up their flasks. First one, then another, went around the wagonette from mouth to mouth, and the fiery liquid was swallowed without causing the quiver of an eyelash.

There was no false pride about drinking out of the same bottle your neighbors had used. A swipe across the neck with the under part of the sleeve and etiquette was satisfied. One man even borrowed his neighbor's pipe after its owner had smoked a pinch of tobacco in it. The borrower relighted these ashes at least half a dozen times and certainly pulled all the smoke out of them which they were capable of yielding before returning the pipe to its owner's mouth at the end of the journey.

The Thrums' air is like wine to the man who takes exercise enough to need only wine and not the whiskey aforementioned. The great rolling hills seem to be swept dry and clean by the keen, pure winds. It is just possible that the magic of that wonderful air is responsible for the impression that the mutton is superlatively good. Though, as there is mutton every day, it must have some merit of its own or the illusion would be discovered when "a soft day" came along.

Up on the side of the particular hill which rises out of Thrums is the cemetery where Barrie's mother and sister were laid within three days of each other and where his father has just found a resting place. There is a plain granite stone to mark the graves, with "Margaret Ogilvy" coming first upon it. Jess, whose name was not Jess, but something else, is buried in the same cemetery, but the grave is unmarked except by a small yew tree.

The house where Jess lived, "the house with the window," as all Thrums now calls it, is right across the street from the present Barrie home. It is just as it is pictured in the inimitable sketches which first told the world that there was "a chiel amang us takin' notes" of common Scotch folk and their ways.

No, not quite as Barrie represented it. In his sketches "the window" is upstairs in the attic. Now the only window in that end of the diminutive stone cottage is downstairs; a window just about large enough for Leeby to have squinted through and that's all. It was rumored in Thrums that the present owner of the cottage is going to put a window upstairs where the window ought to grow. If he does, the canny villagers will probably assure you that it is the "oreeginal" window.

The Barrie house across the street is one of the most pretentious in Kirriemuir. It is a plain two-storied, square red brick house, whose side wall is flush with the street, while the front door, with its entrance porch canopied with vines, opens into an inclosed yard. The plainness of the house is lost in a wealth of flowers and shrubs and clambering creepers. The place is called Strathview, which is Scotch for Valleyview. A long strath, or valley, stretches from the very garden wall of the Barries.

At the other end of the village there is another house which the pious pilgrim will find interesting. This is No. 9 in a row of doors marking the separate dwellings in a long, blank looking, two-storied building. Here was Barrie born and here his childhood was passed. The building faces another dismal wall and the whole place is a sort of cul de-sac, closed at the end.

Only a few hundred yards away is the Auld Manse, a plastered stone house which is kept scrupulously whitened. It stands in one corner of a great garden, shut in by a high stone wall, grown mossy now from its years of shade under the great tree with which it is flanked.

The Painted Lady's house is a lonely white building in a tangle of greenery overlooking the head of The Den. The place is occupied and doubtless by some hardheaded, unromantic family which regards all of Barrie's work as "havers and nonsense" and that part about The Painted Lady as especially beneath contempt. Nevertheless the place looked mysterious and somehow uncanny.

Kirriemuir is a weaving town. That is how Barrie happened to call it Thrums. The thrums are the ends of the threads which remain in the loom after the finished web is cut out. They go only to the ragbag and that seems to be at the bottom of the village grievance against Barrie. The pride of the natives seems touched because, as they insist, they have been represented as thrums—a thing useless and worthless.

No amount of argument can make them see it in any other light.

In spite of this obsession which makes them incapable of doing justice to their prophet, they are a clever and hospitable people. Perhaps, since Barrie's new tale deals entirely with far away "Lunnon," they may learn at last to appreciate him.

Proposed Legal Restraint of Fish Liars.

From the Chicago Tribune.

LA CROSSE, Wis., Aug. 12.—W. T. Woodward, a La Crosse attorney, has drafted a bill which he will present to the Legislature this winter, the purpose of which is to prevent the telling of "fish stories." The bill provides that every fisherman must, under penalty of fine, register the weight of every fish taken exceeding one pound in weight. It provides for the appointment of a State officer with county deputies, with whom register shall be made, and whose duty it shall be to see that the law is enforced.

CENTENARY OF THE TROUSERS

JUST 100 YEARS AGO GEORGE IV. MADE THEM THE FASHION.

They Had Been the Badge of Democracy and Unloved of the Beaux, but They Served to Hide Gouty Knobs—Thomas Jefferson Introduced Them Here.

This year is the centenary of the adoption of the long leg covering known first as pantaloons and then as trousers.

Like the name of the man who designed the Pyramids, the name of the man who designed the first pantaloons is forgotten; but the achievement of his brain has captured all the masculine world from the Czar of Russia to the meanest digger in the meanest ditch of the United States.

As with many other inventors, his device was not popular, and perhaps it would never have been appreciated by the world if the son of George III. had not bent his mind to the task.

He was the admired of all England as the Prince of Wales. He was Beau Brummel's "Friend George" and mighty proud of the honor, except on occasions when he happened to be peevish. He had achieved the brilliant invention of a new shoe buckle and he had been chased over a garden wall by a husband who did not appreciate his royal presence. But his was an indefatigable mind and needed large subjects to fill it. The long pantaloons did it.

In 1802 the pantaloon was without honor. The exquisite laughed at it and the common man despised it. If any impious person had dared to suggest to any of the exquisites of that day that they exchange their knee breeches and silken stockings for this hideous garment—but nobody dared to suggest it.

George, however, was hard pressed. His serene conviction that he was the leading beau of the age was being clouded at times by sarcastic remarks about him by the other beaux, who never could be brought to consider George seriously as a "real swell dresser." With the exception of the magnificent effort in the shoe buckle line, George had not succeeded in originating any new mode, but had been forced to content himself with wearing what some other beau had first made fashionable.

Now, historians who have studied the weighty subject of his reign add that George and many of his courtiers were afflicted sadly with gout, which is not unreasonable. This gout caused unseemly swellings and protuberances on the noble legs, making them unpleasant objects when incased in tight and thin silk stockings. And George was a Royal Simon Tappertit so far as his pride in his legs was concerned. Therefore, by becoming the patron of the pantaloon, George satisfied both his ethical pride as a beau and his manly vanity as the most beautiful male human object in his realm.

The pantaloon could have found no more powerful supporter. For it was then the badge of democracy, the garment of the sans culottes of the French Revolution; and it was only a great exponent of royalty who could have dared to press its claim. Although the pantaloon had won adherents throughout France, it was worn there less as a matter of fashion than of politics. In that period Frenchmen dressed their hair and their wives and their dogs and their legs according to their political and religious beliefs.

The young long-haired democrats of France were about as unlovely objects as could be imagined. Their pantaloons were ignoble bags, shaped in the unimaginative form of sausage casings or hanging on the limbs like signals of distress and flapping dolefully as the wearer walked. They were "high waters," ending well above the ankle and showing a waste of stocking clad ankle.

Sympathy with the aims of democracy induced many young persons of like ideals to garb themselves thus. But the cruel deeds of the revolution had aroused such general horror that even if the fashion had been beautiful, it probably would have met with enmity as being a symbol of the Red Terror. Being strikingly, completely and hopelessly ugly, it did not make any way at all outside of France worth mentioning.

Jefferson brought the pantaloons back from France after his terms as Minister there and wore them as being in strict keeping with his notions of democratic simplicity. Naturally they had some vogue in the United States after that. But the majority of those who wore them in both America and England wore them not as articles of fashion, but rather as protests against the arbitraments of fashion.

The noble George changed all that. His beaux helped him loyally. Before George had been on the throne long, a Duke, in ordering a pair of the garments, told his tailor, "If I can get into 'em, I won't have 'em." Probably he did not intend to be taken too literally. But certainly the pantaloons had grown to be an object of solicitude in the kingdom, and bucks vied with each other to see who could wear the most beautifully moulded ones.

Still the beaux did not conquer easily or soon. The Duke of Wellington, who, in his dual capacity of beau and lover of royalty had become one of the first of the pantaloon wearers, was turned away from Almack's as late as 1814 because he insisted on appearing in pantaloons.

Another time the lady patronesses of the Assemblies at Almack's were much exercised. They had planned an elaborate reception and ball, and were determined that it should not be desecrated by the presence of bucks in pantaloons. Yet they knew full well that the Duke of Wellington would insist on wearing the beloved garments. They could not dare offend him. So the lady patronesses were in despair; they could not and would not yield on the subject of pantaloons, yet they could not afford to risk offending the Duke. In this juncture a bright wit suggested that the invitation contain the following clause:

"Gentlemen are expected to wear small clothes and silk stockings, but any gentleman who is conscious that his figure is not adapted to that costume may wear pantaloons."

With the exception of Wellington and two other daring beaux, all the gentleman who attended the reception wore small clothes.

Gilray and other cartoonists of the period made savage fun of the new mode. They showed beaux with inordinately long and thin legs and beaux with inordinately short and fat legs. They depicted men with legs like trees and with legs like compass dividers. In every respect the pantaloons were depicted as unæsthetic, vulgar and uncomfortable. Artists refused to paint their patrons in them. Women ridiculed the wearers of them.

Yet the net result of all the warfare was that by 1829 pantaloons were worn by almost everybody, except the delightful old-fashioned persons who stalk so pleasantly through the pages of Dickens and Thackeray in their knee breeches and bag wigs.

In 1827 pantaloons were so generally worn in the United States that a scientific method of draughting patterns for them was introduced. It was originated and printed by Otis Madison and a second edition was published in 1829. Its title was "A new System of Delineating, Founded on True Principles and Containing Lithographic Charts of All Different Garments."

The patterns for the pantaloons in this work look most utterly unlike anything that possibly could be worn by any creature in the shape of a man.

J. O. Madison, son of Otis Madison, says that the American tailors of that time were not merely mechanics, but had an acute sense of art. Their leading principle as expressed in the book, was that to be fashionable a garment must be so made that it could not be excelled for neatness of style, beauty, or workmanship in any part of the world.

"Trousers and pantaloons," said Mr. Madison in the *American Tailor and Cutter* some time ago, "are comparatively modern garments, as are knee breeches, though they preceded the former by many years. Before the advent of knee breeches—that is, breeches that extended from the waist to the knees and were secured there by buttons, buckles or ribbons—a very short garment, slashed and puffed, was worn by royalty, the aristocracy, the rich, the nobility and patricians, that merely covered the lower part of the trunk, leaving the whole thigh to be covered with very long stockings."

Although the "pantaloon" is older than the present "trousers" yet the word "trousers" was used for all sorts of leg coverings centuries ago. The name appears in wardrobe accounts of the reign of King Henry VIII, making that monarch noteworthy for one other matter besides a taste for collecting wives.

In Elizabeth's time the word "breeches" became common. The name came from the word "braccæ," which was used to describe long, full bags gathered at the ankles. In the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin there is a pair of trousers of great antiquity. These trousers are grandly checkered, showing that this favorite English fashion is hallowed by age.

In 1592 the trousers or knee breeches were stuffed and wadded ("bombasted") like beer barrels. This lasted till the time of Charles I. He and his courtiers introduced loose breeches, falling to the knee, where they were ornamented (not tied) with lace and ribbons.

Charles II. introduced short-waisted doublets, and petticoat breeches, which had lining protruding from the knee, were tied with ribbons above the knee and ornamented with ribbons above to the pockets, with more ribbons around the waistband and with the shirt hanging out.

This fashion went out before the end of the reign, and with William III. tight knee breeches with tight stockings were brought in. First the stockings were drawn nearly to the middle of the thigh, but afterward the breeches were buttoned at the knee and ornamented with buckles.

It is a fact that although France has controlled the fashions for women of the civilized world for many hundreds of years, male fashions almost always have emanated from England, or, at least, male styles did not become really fashionable until they had been accepted in England.

Thus, although the French costumes under Louis XVI. were probably the most beautiful of modern times, yet the French beaux all went to London even then for their coats. No coat was considered worth wearing unless it was London made.

A CLOSE SHAVE FOR MARK.

Happy While Ignorant, He Is Uneasy Now That He Is Wise.

Mark is one of the most important men in the Tenderloin, modest as he is, withal. Few interesting things happen up there which he does not know about, even in police circles. Games, in the parlance of the district, must be new indeed if he is not up to them. Royalty may not embarrass him nor crime fright him, for Eulalia, Heinrich and Chen have made courts familiar, and the nether Tenderloin nightly touches his elbow.

But when he got so simple a thing as a close shave the other day and learned afterward that he had had another at the same time, Mark winced, and he has become a changed man. From the frank cordiality bred of a consciousness of rectitude his manner has turned to cautiousness. The sleek Mark who slept o' nights, fit man to attend a King, is now Cassius-like and thoughtful.

It all came of the suburban habit. Mark is of the city, but this summer he moved his family to Flushing, and there became a patron of a small barber shop situated conveniently upon his road to the railway station. The solitary barber, owner of the shop, was a deft craftsman and a comfortable servant.

A few days ago Mark stopped at the shop and found the barber absent, and a stranger there who said that he was simply watching the shop till the owner's return, the barber having gone out to shave a customer at his home. The stranger became sociable and presently asked if Mark was in a hurry. Being answered affirmatively the man said that he would shave Mark if he wished it, to save his time. Mark accepted the offer and came to town with clean chin and customary composure.

The next day at the barber shop the barber greeted him with an eloquent smile and asked if he knew who had shaved him the day before. "It was an inmate of Hope Hall," said the barber, "Mrs. Booth's convict-reclamation home here."

Mark's face was lathered by this time and he had to keep still. His admiration for the barber, however, underwent a sudden subsidence. He had had a pocketful of money the day before, which he was on his way to deposit in the bank, and he thought of that and of the convict's razor at his throat, and a funny feeling came over him inside upon suddenly realizing how little value that hard-earned pocketful would have had for him had the shaver of the previous day revealed his identity opportunely and expressed a strong desire for it.

"Is he a joker with his other accomplishments?" Mark asked weakly as the feeling passed off.

"What is the matter? What do you mean?" said the barber.

"He said he'd give me a close shave, and he did," said Mark, "but I didn't know just how he meant it, that's all. I might have been a dead one."

"Well," said the barber, consolingly, "the man I was out shaving at the time died an hour afterward."

Mark sat up then and pushed away the powder puff. "I won't have anything more done to-day," he said, with peculiar quietness, and now, as he holds his Flushing house by lease and can't well come back to town immediately, he is trying with earnestness and humility to learn how to shave himself.

A STEEL SIX-MASTER NOW.

Capt. Crowley to Add Another to His Fleet of Giant Schooners.

BOSTON, Aug. 23.—Lines have been drawn for a new six-masted steel schooner to be the third and biggest six-master ever built and the first ever constructed of steel. She will be part of the fleet managed by Capt. John G. Crowley of this city and Taunton.

The general construction of the six-master will be much the same as that of the seven-master Thomas W. Lawson, except that instead of a double bottom she will have a very deep ballast tank, reaching to her second deck. Her lines, which were drawn by Bowdoin B. Crowninshield, who also drew the Lawson's lines, are quite different from those of the seven-master. Her principal dimensions will be: Length over all, 339 feet 6 inches; length on load water line, 306 feet; beam 48 feet; depth, 28 feet 9 inches; load draft 24 feet; load displacement, 7,700 tons. These measurements are expected to give her a carrying capacity of about 5,700 tons.

There will be two decks above the hold. The lower masts will be hollow steel cylinders and the spread of canvas about 36,000 feet. The contract calls for the schooner's completion by the latter part of next May.

The new vessel will be the twelfth schooner owned wholly or in part by Capt. Crowley and sailed entirely under his management. Like the rest of his fleet, she is to be a collier, which indicates the important position that Capt. Crowley now holds in the Atlantic coastwise trade.

He may fairly be called, moreover, the pioneer builder of large schooners, since it was he who brought out the first big five-master, the John B. Prescott; the first six-master, the George W. Wells, and the first seven-master. His experience with the Wells convinced him of the value of the six-masted schooner and the building of the Lawson has confirmed his opinion of the superiority of steel construction over wood.

He will wait until he has seen the Lawson's actual performance before undertaking another seven-master, although firmly convinced that her first trip next month will be a complete success.

STATE'S CARE FOR WORKERS.

THE FACTORY INSPECTOR HAS THEIR WELFARE IN KEEPING.

His Onerous Duties and the Problems He Has to Solve—Shrewdness and Tact Needed to Catch the Lawbreakers—Sweat Shops Better Than They Were.

There may be other State departments in which there is as much work, as many discouragements and so few tangible results as in the Department of Labor, which runs a Bureau of Factory Inspectors for the city of New York, but there cannot be many. The department's general scheme of inspection is in charge of Labor Commissioner John M. Mackin. His assistants are John Williams, factory inspector, and M. J. O'Brien, assistant factory inspector. They have under them fifty deputies, who do the actual work and report their impressions and the infringements of the law to the bureau. The number of deputies is wholly inadequate to do the work, but until a large sum is appropriated the fifty are obliged to do the best they can.

Every morning at 9 o'clock the deputies appear at the Department of Labor to report cases and have the work for the day assigned to them. To each deputy is assigned a certain district, and, being prepared with instructions, he starts off. There is no limit to the number of factories the deputy may inspect, as in many instances it is impossible to tell how much work it is necessary to do. In a day's work an inspector may have gone through a dozen factories or he may have covered but one. That depends entirely upon the size of the factory, the number of employees and the attitude of the superintendent.

As a rule, the factory inspector is well received, but in some cases he is looked upon with suspicion and has difficulty in gaining admittance. When there is any doubt as to his authority he can show his badge, and that is an immediate passport. But in some instances, when children are employed before the age of 14—the legal age—the "boss" scents the approach of the inspector from afar, and when he arrives the children are either hidden away or smuggled out by a side door. When an establishment is known to use this means to evade the authorities a couple of inspectors get after it. While one makes the tour of the factory the other stands outside to catch the children as they flee from the vigilant eye of the inspector. That usually succeeds.

An inspector goes into a factory with a long list of questions which the "boss," the foreman or the superintendent must answer. These questions cover almost everything in connection with factory labor. The inspector must know the number of employees in a factory, the number of males under 18 and females under 16. No child under 14 is permitted to work in a factory, and no child is permitted to work at all unless he or she has procured a certificate from the Health Department which is a guarantee as to his or her age, physical condition and ability to read and write simple sentences in English. No illiterate children can be employed legally.

Besides all this the inspector must be informed as to the hours of labor of all employees. No woman or minor employed in New York can work legally more than ten hours a day without a special dispensation. Three-quarters of an hour should be allowed for a noonday meal, but if less time is demanded the inspector, if he sees fit, can make a concession to an employer, curtailing the time to half an hour. The factory inspector makes a complete survey of a building, looking over boilers, elevators, fire escapes and sanitary equipment. If the walls and ceilings need whitewashing the employer is directed to attend to it. If the fire escape is arranged in such a way that it would endanger either the life or limb of employees using it in a hurry the man in charge is ordered to have that changed.

The air space must be ample for the number of employees, so many cubic feet being required for each person. There must be seats for the girls and women. No woman is allowed to work at any occupation which keeps her standing all the time. There must always be dressing rooms provided for women in factories, though sometimes a screen will be accepted instead. It is not strictly legal, but that is frequently overlooked by the inspector if he sees that an effort has been made to obey the law and space is limited.

In sweat shops or similar places where work is done in a building used also for living purposes, the inspection is carried on still more rigorously. The sleeping rooms, if they adjoin the workroom, are examined and reported on—whether they are neat and clean, whether domestic animals are allowed to remain in them and how many persons occupy one sleeping apartment.

In the bakeries—which in a legal sense are factories—there is a special set of questions to be asked. Inquiries are made as to height, drainage and storage of product. The utensils are examined. They must be clean. The washrooms must be apart from the room where the bread is baked. The floors, ceilings and walls must be satisfactory.

The inspector encounters numberless cases which test his shrewdness and tact.

In a recent inspection the deputy noticed a small girl sitting at a table pasting labels. He judged, superficially that she was under the legal age and questioned both the child and her employer. The child admitted that she was only 13—an age at which a child is not permitted to work in a factory, though it is legal for her to be employed in a mercantile establishment—and that she had no certificate.

"You will have to discharge that child," said the inspector "she is under the legal age and has no certificate."

The employer protested. The work was easy he said—a great deal easier than work done in a store. It could not be called "factory work" when she merely pasted labels. The inspector quoted the law.

"Well," said the employer, "if that's the case I'll put her in my office and call her my secretary."

He had the child and her pasting utensils moved to a seat behind his desk, where she continued her former occupation as an employee in an office. The inspector was obliged to submit because it was technically correct.

But about other matters in the factory the employer was not so complaisant, and returning to the factory the same week to see if complaint about a defective fire escape had been attended to, the inspector noticed that the child had been taken out of the office again and replaced at the work table. This time the employer had a new plea. The child came as company to her sister and if she chose to amuse herself pasting labels, surely the law couldn't prevent her from doing so.

Investigation showed that to act as a companion for her sister the child of 13 was paying 60 cents every week in carfare, as she lived miles away. But to prosecute the employer would mean that the mother, who worked out by the day, would lose a day's pay through appearing as a witness. So the case is allowed to rest until the fall. Then the school term begins and it may be a different story.

There is a labor law which says that no child under 16 and no man over 60 shall be allowed to operate machinery which is dangerous to health, or jeopardizes life or limb.

An inspector upon one of his rounds discovered a small boy operating a heavy press. The boy dodged when he saw the inspector. When he was questioned he wailed:

"I don't have to go back to school, do I?" Then he admitted being only 13 years old and confessed that he had no certificate.

"Get on your hat and go home. Tell your mother to send you back to school," said the inspector. "You can't work this heavy machine until you are 16 and you can't work in a factory anyhow until you are 14."

The utilization of tenement labor is very extensive in some city trades. Every effort is exerted by the factory inspectors to bring about the best possible condition in the workrooms and apartments affected, but from the inspector's point of view, as from that of sanitarians, tenement house manufacture is an unmixed evil, which should be curtailed now and obliterated as soon as possible.

The close of this year sees a vastly improved condition in thousands of tenements and tenement workshops. Every part of the law covering them has been tested and found effective. The greatest difficulty that the inspectors meet is in obtaining correct and reliable information from many of those employed and the practical impossibility of securing proper names and addresses of the employees, because the workers are constantly changing bosses in the hope of receiving a better wage or more favorable employment.

Still another difficulty is the migratory tendency of the people engaged in tenement house manufacture. They are here to-day and away to-morrow. They take their licenses along; consequently it is a mighty hard task to keep track of them for their own good.

OUR MIGHTY NEIGHBOR, OCEAN.

A Majestic Presence Felt Only by a Few Seeking Pleasure at Its Edge.

Those who feel the majesty of the ocean on the edge of New York, looking upon its vast weltering gray surface whitened at its highest points with moving foam, never cease to wonder how multitudes can disport themselves forgetful of that majestic presence. It is too much like cutting capers under the manifest eye of the Almighty.

The glitter and sparkle of sand, and the myriad flashes of light on the multitudinous facets of the water, the freshness of the sea breeze, the restlessness of motion everywhere distract the mind a little by day from the overpowering presence of the sea; but when evening comes, and the vast restless plain of ocean is dusky and haunted with strange lights, then the presumption of men in making the shore a mere place of amusement is more than ever impressed upon the mind.

The flimsy, tawdry architecture of the place which looks as if a single high tide might level it to the ground or carry it bodily out to sea, fits well with this idea. Ghostly sails haunt the horizon, and the smoke of vanished steamers, hovering over the bare white spot in the offing beyond which lies Europe, mingles with the gloom of evening. The sea, which in broad daylight had seemed to many nothing more than an overgrown playfellow, is again limitless, mysterious, pitiless and cruel. One realizes, by an effort of imagination, the terror with which navigators before Columbus thought of the unknown deep beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

Hundreds dine within earshot of the bellowing waves, looking out from time to time upon that dim restless surface. While the trivial music of the orchestra plays within, the dusky majesty of ocean is carelessly displayed without for any with eyes to see. Not all the light music and lighter talk of the dining room can quite shut out the consciousness of that vast and almost animate presence, while with the deepening gloom the mystery of ocean deepens.

Against the background of the dim lit horizon and the gray plain of the sea flit the figures of men, women and children; moving in and out of the open doors or across the broad entry that leads to the dining room. Moving with them from time to time, like objects in the scenery of a theatre, are craft of various kinds, ghostly sails or tangled smoke in the edge of the night. The ceaseless orchestra confirms the illusion of the theatre, and the unreality of the scene is heightened by strange effects of light in the offing, wonderful stormy yellows, or dense blues, occupying the whole space outlined by the broad open doorway.

The diners come forth to the blackness of night where there is a feeble attempt of electric lights to illuminate the vastness of the sea. Lights that are swallowed up and quenched in the pervading gloom a few yards from shore. A music as of ten thousand mighty orchestras comes from the sea, and from time to time the invisible wave that has been heard in deep musical bass sends its topmost foam in a wet shower over the wooden bulwarks, and upon the walk that edges the ocean. That seemingly limitless expanse of heaving water, which stretches away into unknown space and impenetrable gloom seems no longer the rough, but good-natured playfellow of the daylight hour, but a sublime power in whose presence it is hardly less than sacrilege to make sport.

MR. GAGE'S BIMETALLIC MINE.

Lots of Rich Ore Supposed to Be in It, but None Taken Out.

WARD, Col., Aug. 23.—Lyman J. Gage, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, is the principal owner of a mine that has been worked constantly for twenty-five years without making one shipment of ore. Shafts have been sunk, tunnels driven and great bodies of ore blocked out ready to be broken down and sent to the concentrator and smelters. Each year increases the wealth accumulated in the depths of the mine, but none of it has yet been taken out.

The mine is in charge of Col. Wesley Brainerd, Mr. Gage's brother-in-law. It might well be called the Bimetallic.

Starting work in the '70s before the slump in the price of the white metal, Col. Brainerd directed his attention to developing bodies of silver-bearing ore. Only Mr. Gage and Col. Brainerd have any exact knowledge of the extent and value of the ore reserves of their mine, but it is generally believed that it contains large veins rich in silver.

After the decline in silver no more work was done on this part of the property. The ore is there ready to be taken out, and it is believed could be mined profitably even at present low prices.

Whether they are waiting for silver to go up again or whether they have some other motive, the owners of the mine long ago practically abandoned their first workings, and turned their attention to another part of the property. Left Hand Cañon divides the Gage claims into two groups. On the south side are the early workings and there the ore is exclusively silver bearing and high-grade.

On the north side of the cañon only gold-bearing iron sulphides are found. This gold ore is low grade, but occurs in large bodies and is easily mined and concentrated.

When silver mining became less profitable Col. Brainerd began to dig for gold on the north side of the cañon and kept up development until the shafts and levels honeycombed the hills. The non-shipping policy has been continued and the ore reserves left standing.

Everything has so far been done in a manner to put it above the criticism of the most skilful mining engineer. The electric plant which furnishes power and light for the camp is known as a model all over the State. The original source of power is water piped into the power house, under 800 feet head.

Mr. Gage comes out here every year to visit his sister, look over the mine and spend a few weeks in the mountains. The summer climate of the camp is delightful. The altitude is great enough to make it always cool and it is completely sheltered from high winds.

The buildings of the camp are fitted with every modern convenience. Col. Brainerd makes the most of the situation, and when Mr. Gage visits his mine he finds himself in a summer resort of his own, secluded and luxurious.

With the approach of winter Col. Brainerd closes the mine and goes with his wife to California.

Whether the mine is merely a toy which Mr. Gage provides for his brother-in-law's amusement or whether the ore reserves will eventually furnish large returns on the money used in opening them is a question yet to be answered.

GLOISTEIN UNDERWRITTEN.

FOR ANY AMOUNT IF HE'D TREAT THE UNDERWRITERS.

Brave Deeds at the Fire in His Hotel and a Prompt Response to the Call to Help the Proprietor—Shiner's Dope Saved Despite the Hoodoo of Room 13.

The members of the Gloistein Fishing Club were polishing up their rods and reels at 3 o'clock on Monday morning in Gloistein's Hotel in Forty-second street. At the same time they discussed their trip to Saratoga where they had gone the day before to visit the club's president Max Hochstim.

"I vish he vere back mit us, so ve could be mit him vhen ve are togedder," remarked Fiddles Finkelstein.

"Did you outen de tangles on your line?" asked Gloistein.

"Sure," said Finkelstein; "but I vould like to git change of a fluke hook."

"I'll give yer two ould boots for it," chimed in Mike Hannigan, the weighing-machine man. "Then ye'd have a trade, wid somethin' ter boot."

"Fire! Fire!" yelled Jake, the chambermaid of the hotel, as he came running downstairs. "Fire! Fire!"

In less time than it takes to tell it, the hotel was in an uproar. Long Reach Reagan dashed into the barroom and ran around in a circle shouting for help. Then he fell on the floor in a fit.

"Hose! Hose!" yelled Gloistein. "Fetch der hose, kervick! kervick! Any olt hose!"

Hannigan ran into the cook's room behind the kitchen, dragged her out of bed, and reappearing a minute later with a pair of woman's stockings threw them to Gloistein.

"I mean a rupper hose," yelled Gloistein as he danced about, the room clapping his hands excitedly. "A rupper hose vanted kervick!"

By this time a crowd had gathered in Forty-second street and some one had turned in a fire alarm. When the engines reached the scene several heads appeared at windows on the fourth floor. A short, stout, German, with a pillow in his arms, was on the fire escape, shouting wildly for some one to rescue him.

"Heib! Heib!" he yelled. "Firemens, firemens, blease, Mr. Firemens, t'row oop a robe."

"He needs a robe," remarked one of the firemen who had raised a ladder near the balcony. "The poor feller forgot to put any clothes on. Hey, 17, bring up a blanket!"

While the firemen were looking after the man on the balcony, two little men with long beards appeared at one of the windows on the fourth floor. One carried a glass case filled with stuffed birds. He threw it out of the window and it fell with a crash on the sidewalk.

The other man who had a pair of china vases in his arms threw them to the pavement, too. The two men then went back and a moment later came running downstairs with bundles of clothing in their arms.

Then a little dried-up looking man ran to the street followed closely by a big fat man whose shoes had seen better days. When they reached the sidewalk the fat man turned to his companion and remarked:

"We was dead lucky, wasn't we, Shiner?"

"Dat's what we was," replied Shiner. "It's a good t'ing we didn't own no trunk nor clothes, hey?"

"Did yer take de dope wid yer?"

"Hully gee! I left der hull business on de table," said Shiner.

The fat man punched the air and raved. "We must get back and rescue the stuff" he shouted. "Come on, Shiner."

They were going into the building when they were stopped by the firemen.

"Everything we own is in there," wailed the fat man. "It's room 13 and I knew it was a Jonah. Please let us get that bundle. It's in that room on the table."

"I'll get it for you," volunteered one of the firemen, and he dashed back into the building. When he reappeared he handed over a package of papers to Shiner.

"I suppose them's worth a barrel of money," remarked the firemen.

"You hit it right, old pal," said Shiner.

"Bonds?" suggested the fireman.

"No," replied Shiner, "dem's de dope papers. We've been saving dem ever since der horses went to Saratoga and if we lost 'em, our graft'd be gone when dey open up at Sheepshead. I'd rather lose me life dan lose dat bundle."

By this time the members of one of the engine companies had got a stream into the building and had succeeded in extinguishing the fire, which was in a pile of rubbish in the bathroom on the third floor.

Fiddles Finkelstein, in the meantime, had been a very busy man. He had rescued Gloistein's cat, thrown several mirrors from the second floor, and had removed several brewery signs from the saloon to a place of safety.

The firemen had found Long Reach Reagan on the floor in a fit. When they revived him he said:

"Hey, fellers, has any of youse got a dime youse can lend me?"

Mike Hannigan was found behind the bar playing the part of Maypole to a circle of whiskey bottles which he had emptied.

"Ain't it too bad," he said, "that there's a law agin havin' foires ivery day?"

A search of the ruins disclosed Gloistein on the top floor trying to extinguish a gas jet with the aid of a seltzer bottle. When they brought him back to the barroom he found a crowd of East Side fire insurance adjusters waiting for him.

"I vere here five minutes after der alarm vent out," declared one adjuster, "undt I should do your business, Mr. Gloistein."

"I vere here so soon as der engines got here," said another.

"I vere here before she started," added a third. "I can prove dot by Mr. Himmelback, who vere playing pinochle mit me in der back room."

"I don't need no fire unsurance justice," said Gloistein. "Vhen I vant justice I go by Essex Market court undt dot settles it. Understandt?"

While the argument was going on Hannigan staggered out into the street and collected a crowd, whom he invited inside to have a drink. He explained to Gloistein that he had fetched the Board of Fire Underwriters.

"Vhat's dem?" asked Gloistein.

"Why," explained Mike, "thim's the men what can git for ye whatever insurance ye want, no matter how much ye ask, so long as they sign their names and the amounts they vote for under your name on the claim sheet. When all the mimbers av the boord have signed, then it's added up be the president of the insurance company, and he gives ye a check for the whole amount, even though your loss is only $50."

"If ye'll give me a sheet of paper I'll sign for $5,000. That is the highest anny mimber of the boord can sign for, but if ye git enough names on the list, ye'll have enough money to retire from business. You sign yer name at the top av the paper and the boord av underwriters'll sign under it, d'yer see?"

"Come, ve have a drink, first," said Gloistein. And after every one in the place had a drink at his expense each signed a name to a list which looked like this:

Mike Hannigan	$5.00
Seup McCarty	5.50
S. Washington	.10
Socks	.10
Shiner Jones	5.00
Bill Wanderbilt	9,000,000.00
Red O'Brien	59,000,000.00

The list is too long to print in full, for each person who signed was treated to a drink by Gloistein. Every few minutes Hannigan brought in a new member of the board. All day on Monday and Tuesday men hurried into the saloon and each would remark:

"I'm an underwriter and I want to write under your name."

Along toward night Gloistein called Hannigan aside and whispered:

"I tink mebbee dot board makes a fool from me. Aboudt fifty of dem fellows want to borrow some of my insurance money und I ain't got it yet. I vill aboudt it see."

He went to the office of an insurance agent who explained matters. When he got home he put a new bartender in charge of the place and started out.

"I am near der insanity," he said. "I yust feel like yumping in der river or spending mine rent money on der Schwabfest in Union Hill. Vhen I don't come back, look out!"